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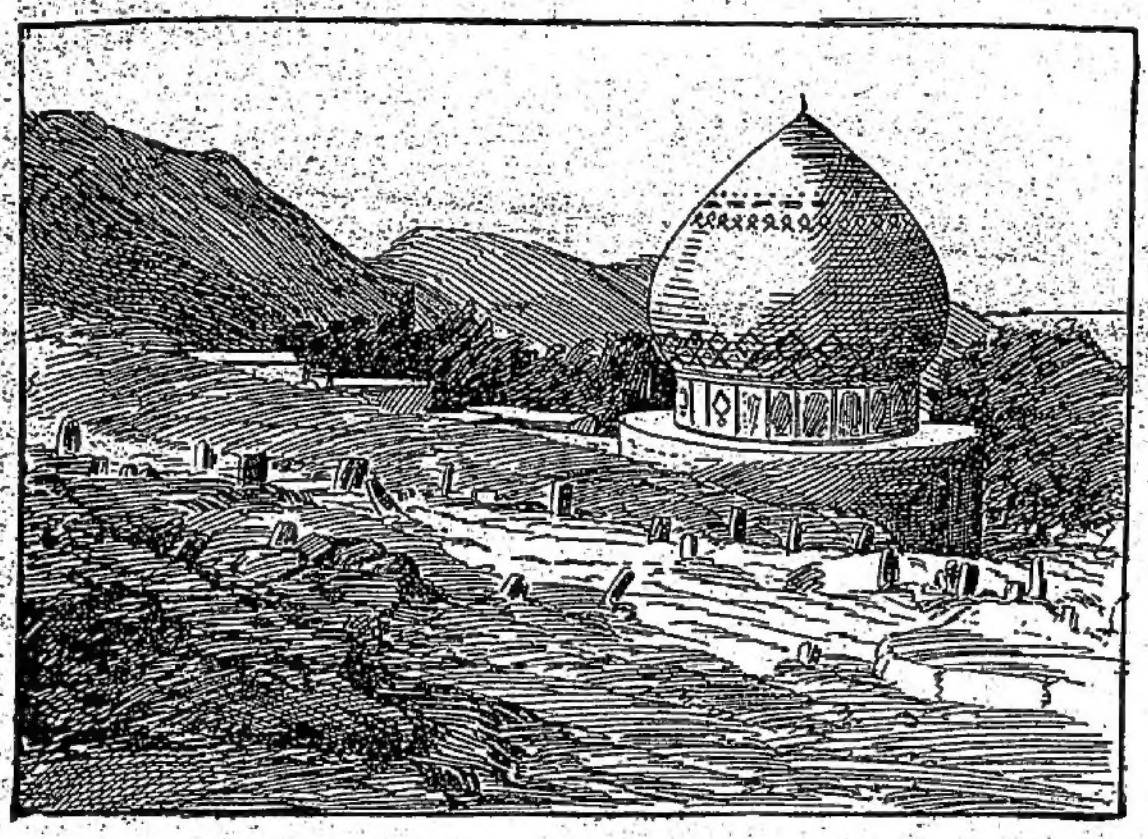
The Pilgrim to Kerbela.

(By the Rev. W. A. Rice, in 'The Church Missionary Gleaner.')

What are those distant shouts? Is there a free fight going on? Do they want to murder somebody? Or has some supposed injury to the faith stirred up the true believers to muster together and make a raid on Julfa? Or what is it?

Certainly if it were in England instead of Persia that you heard those excited cries, you would think something terrible was the matter, and imagine that bloodshed was not far off.

But when you come to know the people a little better, you find that the cause of a great deal of turmoil and hubbub need not be a very big matter after all, and that generally it is only a question of a few copper shahis, 'black money,' as they call it. Only the people have a very excitable and demonstrative way of expressing their angry or indignant feelings, for in their lack of self-restraint and their care for the interests of 'number one' they are like wayward children.



MOHAMMEDAN SHRINE.

Perhaps that Mohammedan there, sitting quietly by the road-side, has read the question in your looks, or notices the rather frightened face of the little English girl having a ride on your horse (for we were all returning from an hour or two spent by the riverside that afternoon), and obligingly reassures you by telling you that it is only So-and-so has returned from Kerbela! And if you reply, 'Alhamdulillah!' ('Praise be to God!'), and further politely ask whether he has returned quite safe and sound, you will perhaps be rewarded with a smile and look of astonishment at the thought of a Farangi (European) showing so much intelligent and sympathetic interest.

For, as a rule, the Pers'ans understand us perhaps even less than we comprehend them. In their eyes the Farangi has very free-and-easy and undignified ways; he wears a short, unseemly, not to say indecent style coat; he fidgets them with his active, restless movements, and arouses their curiosity by manners and customs directly opposed to their own religious and ceremonial ideas. In spite of his reputed intelligence, he is often surprisingly negligent in acquiring an accurate knowledge of their language and acquaintance with their thoughts and habits. While his enterprise and apparent wealth command their respect, they are puzzled to understand why God should have bestowed so much wealth and power on the unbelieving Christian. For in addition to all his other peculiarities, the Farangi possesses the further disability, which being an inherited misfortune he cannot be held entirely responsible for, of being an unclean dog of an unbeliever, worthily and properly doomed in the next world to those everlasting torments, of which the most particular, vivid, and realistic descriptions are given in the Our'an and traditions of the teaching of Mohammed. In a word the Farangi presents a rather perplexing picture to the Persian mind.

But all this by the way. When you approach a little nearer to the scene of the cries which first attracted your attention, you can begin to distinguish such exclamations as 'God accept your pilgrimage!' 'May your service be accepted!' 'Praise God for your safe return!' 'Our eyes are once more enlightened by the sight of your lovely face,' and, addressed to the relatives of the hero of the hour, 'Your eyes are enlightened' (i.e., on account of his return). All this is mingled, perhaps, with the recitation of prayers to Mohammed and his descendants, repeated by some one appointed for the purpose either in the party which has just arrived, or from the throng which has issued forth to welcome the pilgrim home.

Then we see people coming forward to greet and embrace a little insignificant-looking man, bronzed and tanned with long travel and exposure, who appears quite self-possessed, and not in the least disconcerted by all the commotion.

Why indeed should he be? Is he not a bit of a hero—for a few days at all events? Has he not successfully accomplished a long and difficult journey? Has he not braved weariness and fatigue, and long and exhausting marches, and exposure to heat and cold, and dangers of sickness and perils of robbers? Has he not won for himself honor and sanctity in the eyes of the children of his people? Has he not, in short, been to Kerbela, and visited the shrine of the blessed Imam Husain?

Yes; he has really trodden the holy sanctuary and gazed with his own eyes on the very tombs of the glorious martyr Husain, son of Ali, and of Ali Akbar, son of Husain.

He will never forget the proud rapture of the day when, the long journey past and its fatigues forgotten, he prepared to enter the holy shrine. How carefully he bathed himself before he mingled with the reverent and expectant throng that assembled outside the mosque, while the leader offered up a prayer for permission to enter the consecrated precincts! With what deep awe and emotion they passed within the sanctuary and made their way beneath the dome! Then the same leader repeated another long prayer consisting of salutations to the saints, and after a few more prayers the formal ceremony was over.

He would never forget, too, how some of the worshippers—but they were chiefly women—actually took the dust from the grating round the tomb and rubbed it on their eyes, and touched the holy threshold with their foreheads and kissed it in the intensity of their religious fervour, while some of them wept aloud, and others in silent prayer presented their special requests, mostly for wealth or children, to the grace and favor of the saints.

Every day during his stay in Kerbela the pilgrim paid a visit to the chief shrine, and visited besides some of the other holy places in the city, such as the shrine of Abbas, the younger brother of Husain, as well as the towns of Najif and Kufah in the neighborhood.

Now it is all over. He is at home again, with all his sins cleansed away, and himself made holy and pure, like an angel of light, and a 'brother of God.' So, at all events, he thinks himself, nor are his fellow-villagers disposed to question it.

It is therefore no wonder if his friends go forth to welcome his return, and embrace and kiss him, and make feasts in his honor, and come to visit him and pay their congratulations; and his female relatives give him presents of new clothes made with their own hands, as it is their custom to do whenever any one of theirs returns in safety after a long absence.

No doubt he will have brought gifts for them in return, different-colored rosaries, each containing ninety-nine beads, with which to recite the names of the attributes of the Deity, or take the omen which reveals God's will in circumstances of doubt or uncertainty; small prayer-tablets also of different designs, and of a natural pale-brown color, and like the rosaries, made of the sacred sweet-scented earth of Kerbela, pressed into different moulds, oblong, round, semi-circular, or lozenge-shaped. The possessor keeps it carefully in a little bag, and at the time of prayer places it on the ground a few feet in front of him, and touches it with his forehead in his prostrations. Not

the least important gift is a little bag of the sacred earth itself, highly valued as a precious remedy for mingling with potions for the sick.

And what will be the end of it all? Will it not be the sad failure and disappointment which must inevitably come, when living men and women with human nature's old, yet ever new needs and trials and temptations, trust to the help and intercession of dead saints, however pathetic their sufferings were, or however worthy their lives may have been to excite the interest or imitation of posterity?

It would not be surprising, then, if the pilgrim's transient glory all too soon fades away, and the unlovely fruits of self-righteousness and spiritual pride by-and-by begin to appear. Jealous neighbors and cynics will even describe him as 'worse than before.'

Still, for all this, long years after that auspicious day of the pilgrim's return, as long, in fact, as a forgetful posterity keeps his name in remembrance, he will be spoken of, especially when it is desired to do him honor or win a favour from him, as 'Kérbelai'—the man who has visited the holy shrine of the blessed Imam, the pilgrim to Kerbela!

Kerbela is sixty miles from Baghdad. The chief shrine in the city contains the tombs of Husain and his son Ali Akbar. The shrine sacred to Abbas, the younger step-brother of Husain, is also there.

The yearly number of pilgrims to Kerbela from Ispahan and the surrounding districts is very large; I have heard it estimated at 20,000. If infectious sickness is prevalent either in Ispahan and the country districts, or in the neighboring Turkish territory, the pilgrimage is occasionally prohibited by the Persian or Turkish Government for fear of the pilgrims spreading the disease.

Both men and women make pilgrimages to Kerbela often under circumstances of great hardship and poverty, in the belief that all their sins will thereby be forgiven them. It involves a journey of about twenty-eight days, 450 miles as the crow flies, through a country where there are no made roads, much less railways, and those who cannot afford to keep a pony, mule, or donkey to ride, must perforce go on foot. To the privations and fatigues of long marches and the severity of the weather must be added the more real peril of attacks by robber bands.

The corpses of the dead are often exhumed after remaining buried for some time to be sent to Kerbela, to find their last resting-place in that sacred spot. But the practice of sending the relics of the dead to Kerbela has been found liable to grave abuse, the muleteers to whom they were entrusted too often finding it more convenient to deposit their burdens in some lonely desert and save themselves all further trouble.

How He Found it.

Among the benefactions to a popular church is a liberal endownment from a man whose name is well known, but not in connection with churches or with Christian work. The interest of this endownment is to be devoted to the fresh-air fund of the church.

The pastor, in showing to a friend the long list of subscribers to the fund, said:

'What do you think of that name?'

'It is a surprise to know that such a man had a tender spot in his heart. How did you find it?'

'In this way: I often passed his elegant residence, and one winter the face of an old Irishwoman grew familiar to me from seeing her gazing out, sometimes from one window, sometimes from another. She was always dressed in black, with a lace kerchief and a stiff white cap, but it was such a restless, weary, longing face that I could not help being attracted to it.

'She grew at length to distinguish me in the throng, and whenever I passed I touched my hat to her, feeling repaid by the smile of satisfaction that gave a glimpse of her kindly nature.

'One sunny morning in early spring, as I came up the avenue, I saw her sitting on the marble steps of the elegant house with her knitting, and as I drew near I said:

'"Good morning, mother."

'"Good morning, sor," she said. 'And sure it was you I was looking for. Will ye be sitting?'

'"Thank you," I said, but as I remained standing, with my hat in my hand, she went on:

'"It is not your way, but what are such foine door-steps for, if not to sit out on? Only this morning my son said,—that is my son's name on the plate,—and he said, 'Mother, what will make you happy?' for he know's I'm not continted, though I was wild, after my old man died, to come from Ireland to live here. And I said:

'To sit out on the steps with my knitting and see the folks go by.' And he said:

'"Well, mother, do it, then," and here I am. You may be sure his wife is mad, and is scolding the poor lad this minute. Ah, but I must ask him to send me back to Ireland, for it is lonesome that I am, with not a cow, or a pig, or a chicken, or a goat even to care for."

'"Ask him rather to buy a little country farm, with all the fowls and animals you want, and let poor mothers and their children go out to you for a good time.'

'"I will," she said, "faith, that I will," and the next day she was waiting on the steps to ask me in to talk it over with her son.

'"It is a good thought," he said, "and it gives me joy to carry it out. My mother shared with me in my infancy. I will share with her in her age."

'The farm was bought, and while the poor mother lived she was perfectly happy living upon it. At her death the man gave the property and a fund to my church, but with the request that his name should never appear in connection with it, for fear it would cast a reproach upon the charity.'

Kindness and address will somehow find the good in human hearts. The clergyman's greeting to the lonely woman was a 'cup of cold water' that received its reward.—'Youth's Companion.'

Kaffir Children.

A minister at the Mount Arthur Mission Station, among the Kaffirs in South Africa writes as follows:—

'When I was staying at Mkapuse a little mite of eight summers came to me and said: "Minister, I love Jesus, although I have a black skin. He has washed my heart, and He has given me power to overcome Satan, so that when mother tells me to mind the baby, which is very tiresome, I don't murmur and grumble now. Yes; Jesus has taken the grumbling spirit from my lips. I hope He will keep me now—will He, minister?" Another little mite stood up and said, "My Saviour does love me, but I am afraid my heart cannot be of much use to Him; and yet, when I see He takes care of my little trees and the wee, wee flowers, I am encouraged. Please pray for me, minister."

'And yet another said: "Minister, when coming to church this morning, knowing you would ask how we were getting on inside, I began to think a little of something to say; but it has all gone, so I will just say, 'Jesus is mine.'" Another one said: "Minister, I cannot say the same as the last one, 'Jesus is mine,' because I think He is so holy and so dear; I don't know where He could stay in my heart, it is so little, but I feel I can say, 'I am his.' You know, minister, my mother died last week. I am motherless now. But before she died she called me to her side, and whispered, 'Gracie, always love Jesus, and come to me, by-and-by.' I want to be with mother and Jesus soon, minister, because the house is so lonely. Her seat, too (pointing to a seat in the church), looks lonely." And the poor little girl wept. So you see, far away up in these regions, Jesus is claiming the little children for Himself. Oh, it is a blessed work to point these heathen to the Good Shepherd.—'The Christian.'

A Sunday-School Superintendent's Mistake.

There was a change made in the superintendency of a Sunday-school which was the largest in a town of a little over five thousand inhabitants, and every one was pleased, for the superintendent who now had charge was a spiritual man, full of interest in the scholars, and in brief was unanimously said to be just the man for the place.

The Sunday-school prospered under his hand, the number of scholars materially increased; teachers came in almost without solicitation and the school was in a prosperous state. By-and-by it became evident that a great many in attendance were interested regarding their soul's salvation.

Several of the teachers, upon seeing this, went to the minister to express their belief that there should be some special meetings held and a chance given to the scholars to make a public confession of Christ. The pastor agreed with them, but from the very first the superintendent opposed it because he did not believe in urging or forcing the scholars into anything; or in any way, whatever, leading them, however gently, into taking a decided stand, for fear they would not realize the magnitude of such a step, as they were too young. But upon the interest becoming more marked he finally fell in with the idea of having a series of meetings, but only on condition that on no account should personal invitations be given to, or personal acceptances be asked from the scholars; and so strong did he put it in the light in which he saw it that his wishes were carried out.

The meetings were held. There was much interest. The scholars seemed to be alive to the occasion, but as there were no open confessions of Christ asked the interest gradually died away, and with the exception of a few in one class, none of the scholars accepted Christ publicly. Nor was this the end of it. The interest manifested by the scholars gradually declined. There sprang up a coolness and lack of interest that appeared to affect teachers and scholars alike; and finally the school dwindled down and down until it became one of the smallest in the town. And those who were acquainted with the facts fully believed that this was due entirely to the mistake of the superintendent who so strongly opposed an expression by the children for fear that they were too young to fully realize what they were doing.

Children who are old enough to understand right from wrong, are old enough to be saved; and any one is taking a very serious responsibility who denies them the privilege of openly confessing Christ, and uniting with God's people.—'Union Gospel.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

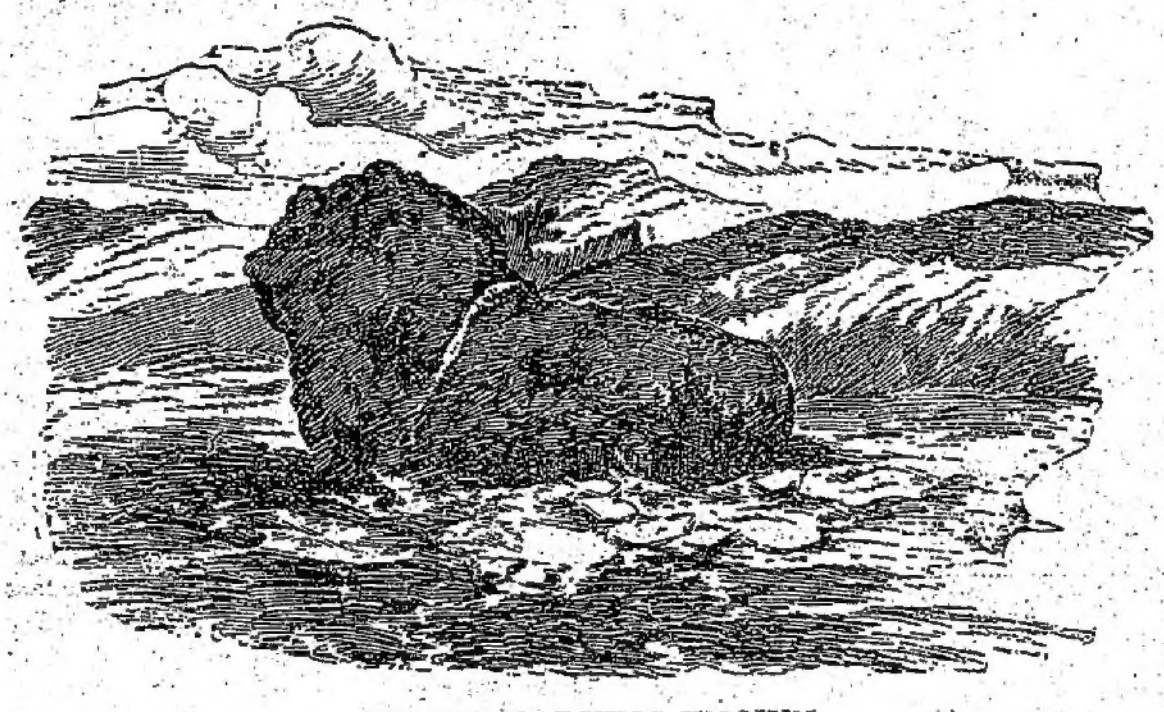
The Lion of Chaeroneia.

(By Helen A. Hawley, in 'Forward.')

One of the curious contrasts which modern life presents is that, amid all the rush of the present time, few pursuits are more interesting than prying into the secrets of the old world. Time and money and learned research are spent upon excavations in Oriental lands. The accumulated dust of ages is disturbed, and treasures are discovered whose value as confirmations of sacred or profane history can hardly be estimated.

Assyria, Egypt, Palestine, are yielding their testimony to the bible, while Greece, that country so small on the map, but once so important, now tells her story in the covered carvings.

We know that in ancient days Greece was divided into independent States which were often at war with each other. Then arose a famous father and a famous son. Philip of Macedon became the master of all Greece, but it took hard fighting to accomplish this result. In the old town of Chaeroneia—the birthplace of Plutarch—a battle occurred which gave the final victory to Philip. This was in August, 338 B. C. The left wing of his army was commanded by his young son, Alexander, then only eighteen years old. Through Alexander's valor the flower of the opposing army were overthrown; 'the sacred band of the Thebans,' they were called.



OLDEST CARVING KNOWN.

The spot where they were buried was marked by a colossal lion, but the debris of more than twenty centuries covered it until modern excavation unearthed the immense carving. This lion—'said to be the oldest carving known'—is pronounced 'the most interesting sepulchral monument in all Greece.'

It is told that after the victory, Philip embraced his son, saying:

'Seek for thyself another kingdom, for that which I leave is too small for thee.' In the light of history, the words seem prophetic; for that boy became Alexander the Great.

Robin Alleyne, or Doing Kindnesses.

(By the author of 'A Braid of Cords,' etc.)

'All other joys grow less
In the great joy of doing kindness.'—Herbert.

'What a grand day I shall have! How I have been looking forward to it for the last month!' exclaimed young Robin Alleyne.

'Ah! here comes Brownie at last,' he added, as a shaggy little Shetland pony, led by an ostler from a neighboring inn, came up at a gentle trot to the gate where Robin was impatiently awaiting him. 'You're a little late in bringing him, John; it is more than half-past ten, but Brownie is a good little pony, and will soon make up for lost time.'

With these words on his lips, Robin lightly sprang into the saddle, and took the rein from the ostler. 'Here we go—off, and away!' and a shake of the bridle sent the brave little pony off at a canter, without his needing a touch of the whip.

The day was wintry, the sky cloudy; snow lay on the ground, but the merry boy heeded not the weather. He was going to spend the day at his uncle's house, with a cheerful party of young cousins and friends. There was to be a foot-race on the lawn, with plenty of hurdles to jump over, and a silver-tipped bugle as a prize. Robin had been practising running and jumping to prepare for this race. When the snow kept him indoors, he would run around his father's dining-room, leaping over the chairs, and even trying to clear the table at a bound—an attempt which had cost him a tumble. But little cared Robin for a tumble; little cared he for knock or for bruise; he was a manly boy, active, merry, and bold, with a heart as light as a feather.

'The race is to be at eleven, so make good speed, little Brownie!' cried the young rider to the pony, which his father had hired for the day, that it might bear him to Mayblossom Lodge. One of the greatest treats that could be given to Robin was a ride upon Brownie. The boy would often have been tempted to wish that the pony was quite his own, had not Robin been taught not to covet, but to be contented and thankful for the things which he had, without longing for what he had not.

It was not easy for Brownie to canter on as fast as his young rider would have liked, for the snow lay thick, and he often sank in it up to his shaggy fetlocks. Robin had ridden about half the distance to Mayblossom Lodge, when, at a turn of the road, he passed a lonely cottage, in which dwelt a poor old couple of the name of Browne. Robin had often seen the old man weeding in his little garden; or his wife, who took in washing, hanging out clothes to dry; but he had never spoken to either of them, and scarcely knew them by name.

Just as Robin had cantered past the cottage, the shrill sound of a woman's voice calling out after him made the young rider draw the rein. Turning round on his saddle, he saw Mrs. Browne come running out into her garden, without bonnet or shawl, with a look of fear and distress on her face, which showed Robin at once that something serious must be the matter.

'Oh, young master!' she cried, in a tone of entreaty, 'will you, for mercy's sake, ride off to Barnes for the doctor? My poor old man's taken with a fit, and there's not a soul near that can go!'

'To Barnes!' cried Robin Alleyne; 'why, that is nearly five miles away!'

'Your pony can carry you; I could not leave my husband. Oh, young master, he's ill—very ill!'

Robin Alleyne could not help wishing that the illness had happened on any day rather than on this. Barnes lay in quite a different direction from Mayblossom Lodge; every one would be expecting him at his uncle's, and oh, how impatient he was to be there! Old Browne was no relation or friend of his own; why should he be the one to be sent for the doctor? So whispered selfishness for a moment—but only for a moment. Then came to the memory of the boy the story from the Scripture, of a traveller who would not go on to pursue his own business or pleasure, and leave a poor stranger to suffer and die. Robin thought of the sacred command, 'Go, and do thou likewise,' and he did not hesitate long.

'Go back to your husband,' he said; 'I know where the doctor lives, and I'll soon let him hear of your trouble;' and turning his pony's head, Robin Alleyne cantered off in the very opposite direction from that which his own wishes would have led him to take, passing his father's house, which he had quitted so gaily not a quarter of an hour before.

Very long seemed the ride to Barnes; very hard was it for Brownie to make his way through the snow. The pony and his rider were now facing the chill north wind, and it seemed to pierce Robin through like a dart of ice. Then down came large white flakes from the dull-looking sky; faster and faster they fell, till the air was darkened by the heavy snowstorm. It seemed to poor Robin Alleyne as if he would never reach the doctor's door; and he thought with a little regret on all the pleasure that he was losing, and how by this time all chance was gone of his winning the silver-tipped bugle.

At last Robin came in sight of the ugly red-brick house with green palings, which had the doctor's name on a brass plate on the door. Up to it trotted Brownie, panting and puffing, the steam rising from his shaggy hide; and Robin, whose fingers were stiff with cold, pulled the bell with such hearty goodwill that its loud summons soon brought the servant running in haste.

'Tell your master, please,' cried the boy, 'that poor old Browne, who lives in the lonely cottage by Twygale pond, is taken with a fit, and is dreadfully ill, and ask him to go and see him as fast as he can.'

'Master's just going out; here come's the gig for him,' answered the servant; 'I'll give him your message directly.'

'Oh, how glad I am that I did not delay!' thought Robin Alleyne as he turned his pony. 'If I had been but five minutes later, the doctor might have gone out for the day. But there's the clock striking half-past eleven; the race must be over now. Well, though I've lost my chance of the prize, I'll never regret that I've done a kindness.'

Robin was too kind a boy to flog the pony, which was growing tired from the heaviness of the road; it was therefore almost one o'clock before he reached the gate of Mayblossom Lodge.

'I'll not tell what has made me so late,'

thought the boy; 'my father's proverb is, "Do what is right, and say nothing about it;" and we are told in the bible not to seek for the praise of men.'

Right glad was Robin to give Brownie in charge to his uncle's servant, and, after shaking the snow from his dress, to run into the warm house, and up to the room from which came the sound of merry young voices. 'Oh, here is Robin, here he comes at last!' shouted half a dozen children, as Robin, with his cheeks red as apples from the cold, suddenly made his appearance.

'Why, what has kept you so late? You're two hours behind time,' cried one.

'We thought that you were lost in the snow,' said another.

'What delayed you?' asked Jessy, his cousin.

'Never mind what delayed me, as I've come at last,' said Robin, rubbing his chilled hands by the roaring fire.

'I know what kept him' laughed a boy who was fond of a joke; "he ate so much plum cake last night, that he could not get up in the morning.'

'Or he was afraid to let Brownie go faster than a walk, lest he should be pitched over the pony's head!' cried another saucy little rogue.

'You may guess what you please,' said Robin good-humoredly; 'now tell me who won the race?'

'Oh, the snow came on, so we put off the race,' said his uncle. "But the sun is beginning to shine, so we'll have the race after dinner.'

'Then I'm not too late, after all,' thought Robin; "it was a good thing for me that the snowstorm came on, though I thought it a trouble at the time.'

Just then the dinner was announced; and who amongst the party enjoyed it like Robin, who had won a good appetite by his long ride, and who was, besides, happy in the consciousness that he had performed a kind action!

About an hour after dinner the race came off. Robin ran in the race, and ran well; he sprang over the hurdles, one after another like a bounding deer, and he was the first at the goal! Blithe and merry was Robin when he rode home at dusk, with his silver-tipped bugle hung round his neck.

Robin was glad, when he called at Brownie's cottage on the following day, to find that the doctor had driven to it directly, and that the poor old man was likely to recover from his illness. Sweet to the boy were the thanks and blessings of the grateful wife. Robin said nothing to any one at his home of his adventure. He little guessed that his father had heard the whole story from the doctor, and thanked God for having blessed him with a son who would quietly do his duty, and seek for no reward but the approval of his Heavenly Master.

On Robin's birthday he chanced to be looking out of the window, when he saw John, the ostler, leading Brownie up to the gate.

'Oh, father!' cried Robin to his father, who was sitting beside him, "why is dear old Brownie brought here to-day?"

'Can you not guess?' said Mr. Alleyne.

'I suppose you are going to treat me to another ride. You are so kind to hire Brownie for me.'

'Brownie cannot be hired any more, for a gentleman has bought him,' said Mr. Alleyne.

The face of poor Robin fell. 'I can't help being sorry for that,' he exclaimed, "for I never can ride him again.'

'Do not be sure of that till you hear the name of his new master,' said Mr. Alleyne with a smile. 'The pony is now the property of one who has shown that he knows how to use him on errands of kindness.' He laid his hand fondly on the shoulder of Robin, as he added, "Brownie belongs to a boy who gave up his own pleasure that he might bring a doctor to a suffering fellow-creature—the pony is a father's gift to the son who has learned to do what is right, and say nothing about it!' —'Day of Days.'

Eva's Dream.

('Alliance News.')

CHAPTER I.

It was five o'clock on a winter's morning. The alarum had just stopped its deafening noise. Sidney Lewis gave his wife a shake, to let her know that her night's rest was over, and that, for her alas! poor soul, the troubles of the day had begun.

Mrs. Lewis sat up, rubbed her eyes, dressed herself, burnt the only bundle of wood she had, and made a cup of tea. All this time she spoke never a word. She took no more notice of the man standing in her presence, who was her husband, than she would have taken of an utter stranger. Where was the use of speaking? It was Saturday. For three long desolating months Lewis had come home every Saturday night drunk, with a few remaining shillings in his pocket, that would not clear the week's rent. She had wept, and implored in vain. She had tried by every means in her power to entice and beguile him away from the public-house, but to no purpose. She had met him as he left work, and he had only abused her for coming after him, had promised to see her in a few minutes with the money for the Sunday's dinner, and then the public-house doors closed upon him, and she saw no more of him till he fell down drunk in their own doorway at midnight. So she had grown silent in her despair, and it was only the children that saved her from becoming embittered. Lewis drank his tea in the same painful silence. Once or twice he opened his lips to speak, and closed them again, having given no sound of speech. He threw his great coat upon his broad shoulders, and hurried off to catch the workman's train from his outlying London suburb to the East End of the Metropolis. Before closing the street door he hesitated a moment. Should he go back and speak a kind word to her? No; words were nothing to them now. She had lost all faith in him.

Left alone, Mrs. Lewis went back to bed, as the best way of keeping warm, for there was neither food nor fuel in the place. Her head ached, and she tried to sleep, but her heart ache would not let her. She had gone out charing latterly to buy food for the poor little ones; but she had no work in view to-day, nor a penny in her pocket, nor a crust of bread in the cupboard. She lay till it was daylight, and then, in spite of her dread of awakening the children in their helpless hunger, she felt bound to get up, for the anxiety of living through this starving day was driving her mad. She put on the only two garments she possessed, a petticoat and an old woollen gown, and shivering she looked round the room, wondering whatever would become of them. There was nothing left to turn into money. Chairs, tables, bedding, the best lamp, teapot, and other things of the kind, had all been changed into bread and butter, these last three months. All that remained were a table and two wooden chairs. Even the fender had been sold yesterday. In the adjoining room the children were lying upon a paliasse on the floor. Presently, one by one, the children awoke, and began talking in the pretty way that children do talk, when they wake in the morning. Agnes Lewis sat on the end of the bed, feeling afraid to face them. But they were sweet, affectionate little things, and they all came trooping to her in their thin nightgowns, and cold bare feet. Then she held out her arms to them, and gathered them to her heart, all huddled close together, five of them, as if she were giving them both warmth and food. Eva, the eldest girl, a fair, thoughtful child, was the first to speak.

'Mother,' she said, 'we've no food and no money, have we?'

'No, my darling, no; what shall we do, Ern?' and she looked with a sad little ray of a smile at her eldest boy, who was her right hand in all her troubles, 'what can we do for a bit of bread and coal?' Ernie looked round the empty room with a despair too old for his years, and was silent. Eva interrupted eagerly—

'Mother,' she said, fervently, 'listen. I had such a beautiful dream last night. I dreamt we were all living in heaven. Wasn't it funny? It was such a beautiful place. All light and sunshine, and the angels wore white robes, and I saw the dear Saviour, and He was talking to little children. And then all of a sudden I missed father. We were all there but him. But there came a knocking at the door, and I heard father say, "Dear Lord, may I enter now? I am never going to drink any more," and then I woke up. Now, mother, don't worry, for I think my dream means that father is going to give up drinking.'

'So do I,' said little Maggie. 'Don't cry any more, mother.'

Mrs. Lewis caught the child closer to her heart. She did not dare put any sort of interpretation upon Eva's dream. Their being in heaven might mean that one of her children was going to be taken from her. Unconsciously, her eyes lingered with a terrible apprehensiveness upon Maggie. She was such a fragile little creature, and for the last few days she had done nothing but creep to her mother's arms, and say she was tired.

'Dreams,' said Ernie, 'they're nothing. I often dream but nothing happens. I'm going to get mumsey some tea and some bread.'

He ran into the next room and got into his little knickerbockers, as a man would do who was doing the thing he knew must be done. In three minutes he was out of the house. Mrs. Lewis dressed the children, and in a very short time Ernie returned. He came bounding into the room joyous as a robin, though his little fingers were blue with cold, and laid on the table a loaf, a bit of butter, an ounce of tea, and half a pound of sugar. Mrs. Lewis looked aghast.

'Where in the world did you get these things, Ernie?' she asked.

'On credit at the general shop, mumsey.'

'What, the little old man's?' cried Eva. 'Why, it is written up large, facing the door, that he gives no credit.'

'Oh, but my credit's good,' said Ernie, with a little conscious air of superiority. 'Don't shut the door, Eva. A boy I know is bringing seven pounds of coal, and some soap boxes to make a fire. Here he is.'

The little begrimed urchin exchanged a friendly nod with Ernie, who seemed always to be friends with everybody.

'I'll send and pay your father as soon as ever I can, Joe,' said Ernie.

'All right,' said Joe. 'Any time. We've more grub than you have.'

Joe went off. Ernie tore the soap boxes apart, and made a fire.

'Whatever should we do without you, Ernie?' said Mrs. Lewis, seizing the loaf and cutting it up into slices of bread and butter, for the children had all gone supperless to bed, and were starving.

'I don't know, I am sure,' said Ernie, shaking his comical little head. 'It's a good thing I'm here, for I can make boys do anything. Now give me a jug, Eva, and I will go and get some milk.'

'Where? And see, it rains. Oh, Ern, not in the rain with your cough?'

'No,' said little two-year-old Donnie. 'Ernie not go out in er pourning yain, and get his booboos weet?' and the child went up to his brother, who seemed a very big man in his eight years, and laid his little fair head against him.

Ernie caught the baby boy up, and kissed him. There was a great love between these two, and some resemblance.

'It's only to the little old man's, mumsey,' said Ern; 'I won't be a minute. He said he'd let me have some.'

Donnie stood looking after him.

'Ernie dom, naughty boy. No 'bella, and out in pourning yain, with bad courp. Mama beat him when he come home.'

Ern ran back with a whole jugful of milk. Little Amy declared it was a great deal more than a farthing's worth, and Eva remarked that she would never make fun again of the little old man. Ern brought two old coats belonging to their father, and laid them in front of the hearth, and sitting down himself told all the others to do the same, and leave the chair for mumsey, in the warmest corner. So here they sat eating bread and butter, and drinking the warm, sweet tea, as happy as young princes and princesses. Ern kept them all interested, telling them what he was going to do when he was a man, how he would earn money, to keep his mother and sisters, for he did not approve of women working, except in their own homes, and he should never drink so much as a spoonful of intoxicating drinks, and he should tell his father what he thought of him for bringing them all to beggary.

Mrs. Lewis entered into it all, for she was one of those lovely mothers, a child among her children. But she kept on looking anxiously at Maggie, and Eva's dream worried her, for the child only tasted a drop of tea, and seemed too tired to eat. Mrs. Lewis ended by taking the tiny creature on her lap, rocking her to and fro, as if she had been a baby. The children looked at one another.

'I sink our Maggie is going to die, and go into the heaven that Eva was dreaming about,' whispered Amy to Ernie. 'All through father, taus he isn't a proper man, and won't give mother money to buy food.'

'Hush!' said Ernie, turning pale. 'Oh! hush. Don't let mumsey hear.'

But Mrs. Lewis had heard the childish whisper, though she gave no sign to the boy's big brown eyes, as they sought hers; and her heart ached more than ever at the confirmation that Amy seemed to put upon her fears. She sat through the day nursing the child. Eva and Ernie swept the rooms, and took up the ashes. One, two, three, four o'clock struck. The father of those hungry children had not come home. A great swell of bitterness swept over the poor woman's heart. She would have forgiven any injury to herself better than this. Eva was disappointed, for she had thought that her dream would come true. And Ernie threw the last shovelful of coals on the fire, and, hiding his face on the floor, sobbed as if his little heart would break.

CHAPTER II.

Sidney Lewis worked all that Saturday morning with a light in his eye, and a look of resolution on his face and in his attitude that were not lost on either the men or the manager in the great printing firm of Wood, Dyson, and Ellis. He was always the best and the quickest worker in the room, but this morning he seemed to set the type as fast as the machine could print it. Harry Mason, his Saturday night's companion at the 'Sadler's Arms,' glanced at him from time to time, but got never a word from him. At length he said to him, 'Coming to the concert to-night, Lewis?'

'Not me,' retorted Lewis, with ungrammatical emphasis.

'Not to Sadler's? Why, I know they are depending upon you to sing.'

'Then they are depending upon a broken reed, for I've broken the neck of that game, and so I tell you straight, Mason.'

'What do you mean?' cried Mason, dropping into a wrong box for an 'o,' and standing still to stare at Lewis.

'He's signed the pledge,' said Will Dawson, with a jeering laugh. The blood rushed in a torrent over Lewis's face at this laugh, but he knew he must stand their chaff and their coldness, so he said—

'You are not far wrong, old boy; though the pledge I've signed is no farther off than my own resolutions. I've done with the drink.'

'Nonsense,' said Dawson. 'You're never going to be such a "cuckle coward loon" as that! The concert to-night will be the finest we've had this winter. Good resolutions are easily broken. I really was afraid for the moment you'd been soft enough to sign the pledge.'

'Pledges are excellent things, and let those sign them who can't keep from intoxicating drinks without them. I fancy I can, if I make up my mind. If I can't I go straight away off and take a pledge. And not before it's time, I can tell you, my comrades. Go to my home, and see the wreck it is. Ten years ago, when we were married, we had a little palace of a home. What is it now? A bedstead, a table, and a wooden chair or two. Ten years ago my wife was called the Rose of Fairley, the little village I took her from. What is she now but a faded, tired woman, with nothing of the rose about her but its sweetness? And my children live in rags and semi-starvation. And why is it? Because I have made a brute of myself in public-houses, drinking, gambling, card-playing. But, thank God, I have come to my senses. I know many of you good fellows with whom I have spent many a happy, though foolish, hour will turn away from me in cold disgust. Well, I've told you just how it is, and I can bear your taunts rather than the burden of my own sins. I am sorry to disappoint myself, and others at the 'Sadler's Arms' to-night. But I have no money to spend there. If I were going home with a dozen Saturday earnings in my pocket instead of one it would not pay for half I owe, nor buy all the boots and stockings for my children and my wife that they ought to have. It will take me years to retrieve my fortunes; but God, and my right hand helping me, I'll do it; and my children yet shall be proud to claim me for their father.'

These last words were spoken with a quiver in the voice of the impromptu orator who then, in a breathless silence, withdrew from the few steps forward he had taken, towards the middle of the room, and set about his work again, apparently calm, but inwardly agitated at the feelings he had inadvertently roused in himself. He had begun speaking in a low, friendly reply, but the thoughts and the regrets that had taken possession of him the last day or two found utterance unbidden, and his voice rang out in stormy indignation against the power of drink, and the weakness of those who yield to its fascinating tyranny. How long he would have continued it is impossible to say, for he stood and looked like one inspired, had not his own allusion to his own fatherhood choked his utterances. It was his children's cold indifference to him, and the sight of little Maggie's failing strength which had caused him to give up the drink. Every man had dropped his work while Lewis spoke, and stood staring at him. When he finished they bent their heads in silence over their 'copies,' some of them with moisture in their eyes. At one o'clock, when all the men were dispersing, they came, every man of them, and shook Lewis by the hand. They were all going to the concert at the 'Sadler's Arms,' and most of them would go home drunk; but they were sensible enough to show that they admired Lewis's courage in acting up to his newly-awakened convictions.

Lewis was not sorry to find that his shop mates were still his friends. He was a sensitive, soft-hearted fellow and it would have gone hard with him to work among enemies. He was the last to put away his things, and as he was getting into his coat the manager hurried into the room.

'Oh, you are not gone, Lewis,' he said, 'I wanted particularly to speak to you. First, let me congratulate you for your pluck in giving up the drink, and speaking out the truth as you did to our men this morning. It has gone to my heart lately to see a fine well-educated fellow like you going to the dogs, just for a moment's pleasure, if you can call it such, in swallowing down poisonous drinks. I only wish some of the others who are quite as bad as you, if not worse—'

'Nay, sir,' interrupted Lewis; 'not worse. That were impossible.'

'Well, well, we will say no more about it,' said the manager, holding out his hand to Lewis, who looked as if many more words would have caused him to sob like a child. 'I came specially to ask if you would care to work overtime till ten o'clock to-night. We are starting our new paper, the 'Magnet,' a week earlier than we had intended. I meant this morning to ask two or three of you to stay on, but when I heard of your money difficulties, and how anxious you are to clear up your debts, I thought I would give you the chance alone. There's fifteen shillings for you down, if you can work away at the 'Magnet' till ten o'clock to-night. That is what Mr. Dyson offers, but I will get a sovereign for you if I can.'

Lewis's face had clouded over when Mr. Smythe proposed his working overtime. What he wanted to do was to snatch his hat off the peg, and rush off like a schoolboy released from a Latin exercise, and make the best of his way home with food and happiness for his wife and children. But his real wish to oblige his employers, and the thought of all the extra money would buy in his poverty-stricken home, banished the passing cloud, and, thanking the manager heartily for giving him the offer, he took off his coat again, and set to work upon the 'Magnet,' bringing all his strength and intelligence to bear upon his labors, and toiling at them like a Briton.

* * * *

It was eleven o'clock at night, and the father of that hungry little family had not come home. The cinder fire was burning slowly away. All the children were fast asleep, cold and hungry on the old coats that formed the rug by the hearth, except Eva. She sat staring into the dying embers, thinking of her dream, and of the father she passionately loved. Mrs. Lewis was lying on the bed with little Maggie in her arms. She kept listening for her breath, and laying her hand upon the tiny heart, for she knew, unless help came very soon, that the little life was ebbing away from exhaustion. She tried hard to stifle her bitterness. She told herself God wanted the sweet little flower He had given her to cherish for Him. That was all. But her poor human heart rebelled

and her tears fell like rain on the lovely little face.

Presently Eva scrambled up softly from the child nest on the floor, and crept noiselessly out of the room. Wrapping herself up in a shawl, she quietly opened the street door, and shut it behind her. This accomplished, she breathed freely, and set off running as fast as she could to the 'Sadler's Arms,' where she most devoutly expected to find her father. She pushed open the heavy doors, one by one, in each of the compartments, and peeped in. Her father was not there. Eva went outside, glad for the moment to think that he was not in a public-house. She waited an instant, looking about her. Then a terrible thought came to her. Perhaps an accident had happened on the railway line. She had heard of trains being smashed up, and all the people in them killed. She was just thinking she would run off to the station and ask when she became conscious of the singing upstairs in the concert room. Inside Eva rushed again, and going up to the bar, said to a barman, 'If you please, sir, is my father upstairs singing?'

The young man looked at her with a twinkle in his eye.

'No, my dear,' he said. 'They say he has signed the pledge, and he's never coming to this wicked place again.'

'Oh,' cried Eva, clasping her hands in an ecstacy of delight, 'I am glad, for this is a wicked place indeed. It takes all the money out of my father's pocket, so that he can't pay our rent, and buy us all bread and boots, and my dear little sister is dying, because she is so hungry, and I wish a fire would come and burn your wicked house all down, I do!' and then, half terrified at having made so long a speech in public, Eva rushed out, trembling all over with excitement. As she flew out she ran against a man who was turning the corner at a pretty sharp pace, a man so laden with packages that it was all he could do to hold them in his big arms. The child stumbled and fell over his feet, and dropping a parcel or two on the ground the man raised her up tenderly; his thoughts far away in his home, murmuring—

'Poor little soul! Out alone at this time of the night.'

Eva sprang to her feet at the sound of the dear voice.

'Father, father, is it really you? Oh, I am so glad, I've just been asking for you at the 'Sadler's Arms,' and they said you were never going there again, and so my dream has come true.'

'Your dream, my darling,' said Lewis, huskily, looking in amazement at his own child. 'Come, help me carry these parcels, and tell me all about it, and we will go together, and buy a big joint for dinner to-morrow, eh Evy?'

The child put her hand into her father's with a gesture of enthusiastic response, and they trudged on together. Oh! what a walk it was, under the shining stars that lit up the winter night. Never, never would Eva forget it. She told her father her dream, and the story of that pitiful day, and how little Maggie was so ill that they all thought she was dying of—hunger, she was going to say, but checked herself, for the man's eyes were full of tears, and her little heart ached for him. And then father told her what he had bought for them all, boots and stockings, and flannel to make warm petticoats, and a toy for each of them, an engine for little Donnie, and a ship for Ernie, whose thoughts were always on the great seas, and a beautiful doll each for the girls. Eva fairly danced with delight till they went to the butcher's, and the greengrocer's, and the baker's, when she was so heavily weighted that she had to walk demurely home. And then what a consternation it was! Mrs. Lewis had roused up, and missed Eva, and Ernie had been running everywhere to find her, and was just standing at the gate, like a soldier on guard, wondering what he should do next, when Eva and her father came; the father was as sober as a judge, looking like an honest man, and not a criminal. Close upon their heels came the boy, with coal and wood, and Eva had a fire blazing in the grate in three minutes. Then the children were wakened up for some supper, Maggie being fed first, by general consent, with the Bovril that Eva had suggested buying for her. Lewis was for feeding his wife next, but not a bit could she touch till Maggie was satisfied, for the child lay on her heart like lead.

'I don't think I can go to bed to-night, Sidney,' she said, piteously. 'I wish you would let Ernie run and see if they have some new milk at the dairy, and I will give her a drink every hour through the night. If she is not better, will you let me have a doctor to her to-morrow?'

'Yes; twenty doctors if you want them, Agnes. Run, Ern, and see what you can get from the dairy—new-laid eggs, if they have them.'

The boy left his supper, and, harder still, his ship, and went off like the heroic little Briton that he was. In a few minutes he returned, with the last quart of milk, and the only new-laid egg there was in the shop. And then, by degrees, the children were got off to bed, all the new toys, which had been half food, going with them. Mrs. Lewis still sat with Maggie in her lap. Her husband leaned against the mantel shelf, looking at her.

'You are worn out, love,' he said to her. 'A night's rest would do you good.'

'I must give this one night to Maggie, and never mind my rest, now that I have something to nourish her with,' she said, with gentle decision.

When his wife spoke like this Lewis knew no power on earth could move her, so he built up a great fire, and threw himself on the old coats by the hearth, and Mrs. Lewis lay down on the mattress wide awake. As Maggie stirred through the hours of the night Mrs. Lewis gave her warm milk, and a part of the egg beaten up in it. Manlike, Lewis slept, though he had intended to keep awake and warm the milk. Towards morning the child seemed to improve. She drank the milk with more relish; the weakened stomach was getting stronger to digest it. Lewis woke with a start, jumped up, and prepared a delicious breakfast which he and Agnes ate while Maggie slept. And coming close to his wife, Sidney said reproachfully, 'Not one kind word have you spoken to me yet, Agnes.'

'I will now, dearest,' she answered him. 'But if our child had died I am—afraid—I could never have forgiven you.'

He knew her heart as God knew it. He understood. 'She will live now,' he said, softly, and they were reconciled for ever.

A Pathetic Incident.

Superintendent Haun tells the story of a hen who was found after the forest fires in Wiscousin sitting over her brood and stone dead. When the scorched body was turned over the chickens ran out unharmed. What a pathetic instance of the great life-sacrificing, world instinct of motherhood! And what added meaning and tenderness it lends to the Saviour's simile: 'As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings!'—'Everybody's Magazine.'

How Arthur Learned to be Faithful.

(By Albert E. Lawrence, in 'American Messenger.')

Since the tight-rope walker's visit to Greenville Arthur Seldon was often to be found walking the fence in front of his home. With a long clothes-stick for a balancing pole he made trips back and forth, covering himself with glory in his own imagination, although more than once he was obliged to let one end of the clothes-stick come to the ground to prevent his falling off.

While passing from one post to another he heard his name called, quick and sharp, from across the street. Though startled he made out to reach the next post and turned to confront the voice, which now said:

'Don't you want a chance to earn some money?'

It was Ben Brown, Arthur's particular friend; and, as he spoke, he crossed the street to join Arthur.

'How?' the young rope-walker inquired, sitting down upon the fence.

'Distributing papers, I guess you can get a chance at the printing office to-night. I'm going down to see about it. Don't you want to go with me?'

'Yes. Wait just a minute,' Arthur replied, springing off the fence and running to the house. He soon returned and the two set off for the printing-office.

On the way the daring of the tight-rope walker was thoroughly discussed. Ben proposed a scheme for stretching a rope across the street from Arthur's window to his own; and Arthur entered into the idea with great zest. But this, like many another of their youthful dreams, was never carried out.

The Greenville 'Gazette' was an enterprising daily paper that had done much for the growth of their town. The boys halted a moment on the walk before the office and debated their course; then Ben pushed ahead.

In another moment they found themselves in the office of the business manager. Mr. Drusky was busy, but looked up immediately and inquired sharply, though not unpleasantly.

'Well, what is it, boys!'

'Do you want some extra carriers?' Ben asked, stepping forward and taking off his hat, while Arthur followed his example.

'Yes; just two more. Do you boys want the work?

'Yes, sir,' both spoke.

'It's only for to-night, you know. It will take you about two hours, and you will each receive twenty-five cents'

'Yes, sir,' they repeated.

'Isn't your name Arthur Seldon?' Mr. Drusky asked, taking up pencil and paper to write.

'Yes, sir.'

'And yours?'

'Ben Brown.'

'All right, boys. Be on hand at four o'clock. That is all.'

He replaced the paper and the boys backed out of the office.

'How did he know you, Art?' Ben asked when they were once more in the street.

'He's our Sunday-school superintendent,' Arthur replied, a little proud of having been recognized.

The boys were on hand at four o'clock, together with nearly twenty others. Each was given one hundred and fifty papers and assigned a portion of the city.

'You're to leave one paper at each house, you know, boys,' Mr. Drusky explained. 'Don't miss one. Do your work well and

some day you may get a place with our regular carriers."

Arthur's route lay in the northern part of the city. At first the houses were built up thickly and his papers disappeared rapidly. It was jolly fun, he thought. He had longed for this kind of work, and wished now that it was to last. Such a place would not keep him out of school, and what lots of spending money it would give him!

Presently the houses fell apart. He had to walk further to leave one paper now than formerly for three. He had started out with a rush, but began to feel it now and so went more moderately.

His pile of the papers lowered with discouraging slowness. The fun had gone now and it began to be work. His footsteps lagged more and more as he went in and out the yards. Now he had to go a whole block before reaching a house. He stopped to count his papers—nearly fifty yet remained.

'Hello, Art! What yer doin'?'

It was Tom Higgins.

'Distributing papers,' Arthur replied.

'Distributin' papers? How much d'ye get?'

'Twenty-five cents.'

'Twenty-five cents! How many papers d'ye have?'

'A hundred and fifty.'

'Hundred 'n' fifty! It's worth more'n' that for a hundred 'n' fifty. Ain't ye gettin' tired?'

'Oh, a little,' Arthur replied. He did not like Tom Higgins, for Tom was a bad character, ever ready for a fight. Arthur was not afraid of him, but he did not wish to offend him.

'How many ye got left?' Tom asked, looking at Arthur's sack in which he carried the papers.

'Forty-one.'

'Forty-one! You're a fool if ye peddle the rest. I wouldn't.'

Arthur walked on in silence. How his feet did ache!

'I'd throw the whole lot into the ditch 'n' go back 'n' git my pay,' said Tom as Arthur came out of the next yard. 'The others'll do that way; ye see if they don't.'

Arthur smiled; but it was weak and yielding. Tom saw that the idea was not displeasing to him. They had reached a corner; Tom glanced about him. Arthur followed his look and his eyes rested on a culvert which ran under the road.

'Lemme see,' said Tom, coming up and opening the bag. His face wore a leer as he removed all but four of the papers. Arthur made no resistance. He knew what Tom was going to do; but it did not seem so much his wrong if Tom did it.

In a moment they were tucked into the culvert; and Tom left, going down a side street. Arthur was glad to be alone.

As he entered the next yard he met a gentleman coming out. Arthur wondered whether their action had been seen, he looked so sharply at him.

The gentleman was Mr. Hooker, the leading clothing merchant of Greenville. He read his paper, turning to his advertisement as he walked down town. When he reached the 'Gazette' office he turned in.

'What will you charge, Mr. Drusky, to print five thousand circulars for me—of a good size and to contain my 'ad' which appears in your issue to-day?'

Mr. Drusky named a sum.

'Very well; you may print me that number.'

'Why not circulate them for you too?' Mr. Drusky asked. 'For a little more we will have our carriers put one into every house in town.'

Mr. Hooker smiled.

'No, thank you. I noticed a carrier of yours drop a bundle of papers into a culvert up my way, as I came down.'

Mr. Drusky looked annoyed. After the other had gone he took down a list of the extra carriers and hunted out the boy who had been assigned that portion of the town.

'Arthur Seldon,' he breathed, surprised and pained. For a long time he had known Arthur and been attracted by his bright boyish face. Could it be possible that dishonesty was there also? He had never seen it.

There was to be a vacancy on their force of regular carriers, and since Arthur's application that morning he had determined to give him the place. But if this charge were true it would be impossible.

At that moment the door opened and Arthur entered.

'Aren't you back rather soon?' Mr. Drusky asked.

'I hurried,' the boy replied, showing some shortness of breath and other evidence of embarrassment.

Mr. Drusky then spoke to him, bringing in the wood 'culvert' in such a way that if the boy were innocent he would not understand, but if guilty he would certainly show it. Arthur started and blushed scarlet. The business manager was convinced, and the pained expression deepened in his face. How was he to show this boy the wickedness of his deed? Possibly this was his first wrong step, and if properly spoken to now it might make a difference with his whole future.

'Arthur, I did not think you would do such a thing—'

'I didn't,' interrupted the boy. 'It was—' He stopped; strange that after being dishonest in this thing it should suddenly occur to him that he could not honorably tell on Tom! Mr. Drusky waited for him to finish.

'I—I can go back and get the papers and finish,' Arthur stammered, his face burning.

'Won't they be soiled?'

'No, sir. The place was dry.'

'Very well. And when you return I wish to speak to you a moment.'

The boy hurried away, filled with shame and confusion. He wondered how Mr. Drusky knew, and why he hadn't been angry and scolded. Instead he had looked grieved and spoken kindly. Arthur felt very mean.

He found his papers and finished distributing them. But on his return Mr. Drusky was not in; Arthur was glad of this, for he shrank from meeting him. The bookkeeper received the boy and gave him his pay.

Arthur did not meet his friend Ben Brown again until Tuesday night after school. Ben was on his way to the 'Gazette' office.

'I've got a steady job, now, Art,' he said as he walked along. "I'm one of the regular carriers."

'Is that so?' Arthur asked in surprise. "When did you begin?"

'Last night. Why don't you ask for a place? Mr. Drusky knows you; I believe you could get one.'

A cloud quickly overspread Arthur's face. He felt that he was known too well.

'Oh, I don't believe I could,' he answered with an attempt at carelessness. 'They've probably got all the carriers they want now.'

'But they change every little while,' Ben persisted. 'Anyway, I know where you can get some work for to-night.'

'Where?' Arthur asked eagerly.

'Over at Hooker's clothing store. He's got a lot of bills that he wants distributed. Come on, and I'll go with you.'

At the store they found six or eight boys ahead of them. But Mr. Hooker had work for all. Each boy was given a bundle of papers and told in what part of the town to distribute them. When Arthur's turn came Mr. Hooker was about to serve him as the others; but glancing more closely he said sharply,

'No, I don't want you. I saw the other night how you distribute circulars. You can go!' And pointed to the door.

It was the most humiliating blow Arthur had ever received. Covered with shame and confusion he slunk away.

'Why, what did he mean?' Ben asked when they were on the walk.

'I don't know,'—began Arthur. Then his face fairly burned. He had told a lie! He darted a quick look towards Ben. Ben must know it; everybody must know it; it seemed to burn all over him.

It was time for Ben to go for his papers now and he did not wait for further explanation. Arthur had never felt so miserable in all his life. He was sure no one would ever trust him again.

In the next few days there were several times when Arthur would have met Mr. Drusky had he not purposely avoided him; and so it was that, instead of having his talk with Arthur, he put what he had to say into his general remarks at the close of Sabbath-school on the following Sunday.

Mr. Drusky said that because one had made a failure or had done a wrong it need not necessarily blight his whole life. If one recognized the wrong and would earnestly strive he might yet with the help of God make his future bright and honorable. From this Arthur gathered new hope. He had been feeling very disconsolate; but now he set his face firmly forward and resolved to go ahead, always adhering to the right.

Arthur never became a carrier, but a few years later he was given a position as reporter on the staff of the 'Gazette.' Then it was that he learned from Mr. Drusky that Ben Brown had been given the place as carrier which he would have received had he done right on that memomable afternoon long ago. Arthur not only believes that honesty is the best policy, but he is now doing everything upon honor, because it is right.

[For the 'Messenger.'

Twilight.

(By L. Death.)

The summer's twilight falls on all about,
While o'er the land the sleepy, sighing breeze
Plays softly through the flower-scented trees,
And we sit watching as the stars come out.

The singing birds have sung the last good-night,
And sleep in silent safety near the nest;
All nature slow and softly sink to rest,
The while we watch the lamps of heaven light.

Unbroken is the evening's solitude
Save by the chirping crickets in the grass,
Or by some whistling neighbor that may pass,
Or distant children's laughing interlude.

Far, far above, in heaven's clear blue dome,
The stars come faintly twinkling one by one,
Like scattered glory of the vanished sun,
Lifting our hearts to thoughts of God and home.

As on this earth we thus His works behold,
In all their quiet glory so sublime,
So may we live that in that heavenly clime
We may dwell 'midst His wonders yet untold.

In a Cranberry Marsh.

(By Anna E. Hahn in 'Forward.')

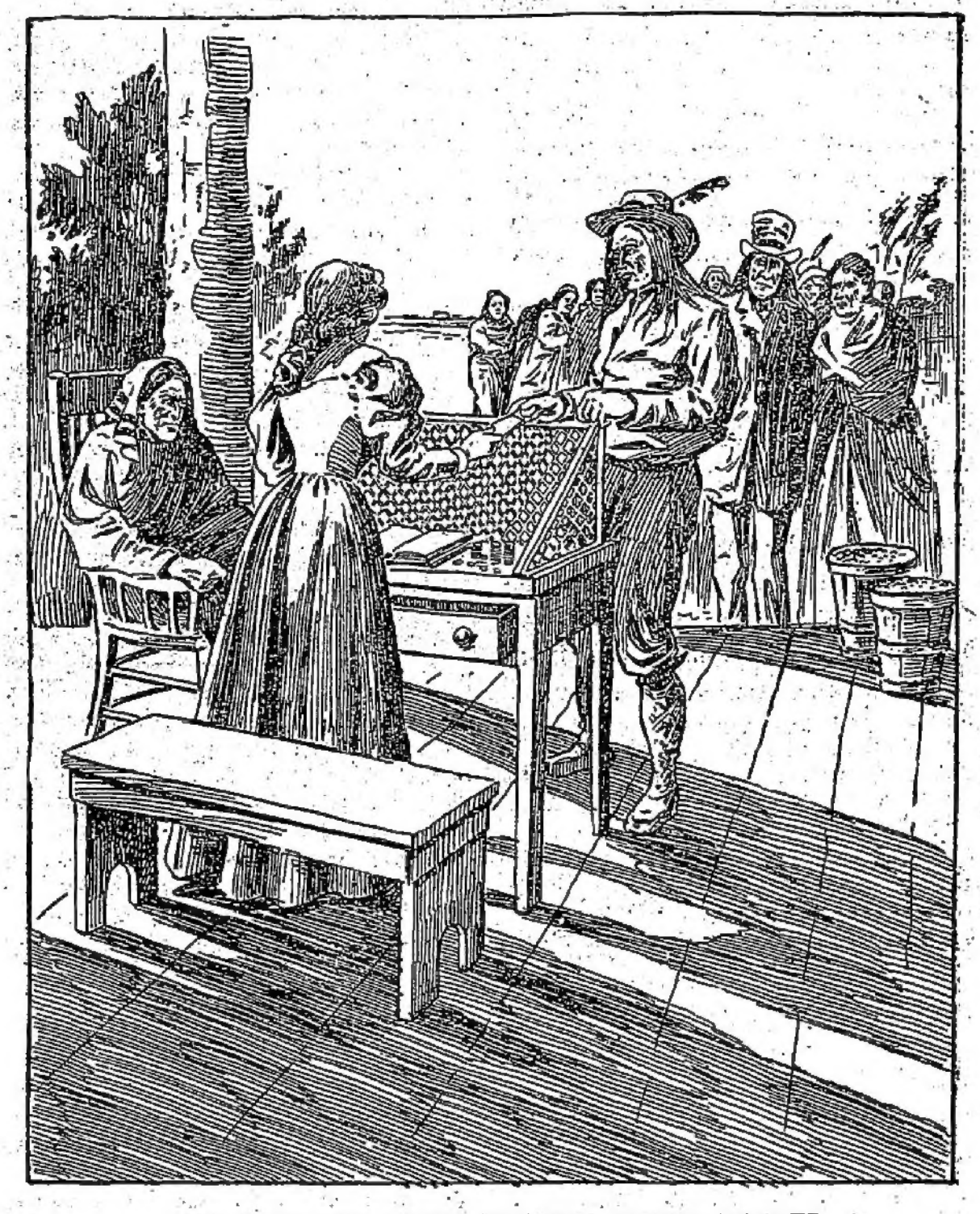
It was the beginning of the fall term, and Emily Brown, the brightest member of the senior class of the village high school, had formed for the term many plans for work and pleasure. She was destined, however, to carry none of them into effect.

'It was not enough to be put to my wits' end about my other affairs,' she heard her father saying, one evening, to her mother, 'I must be troubled about my cranberry marsh, too, and that right at the beginning of the berry harvest. Now that the crop is ripe, the man who was to oversee the gathering and marketing of it has thrown up the job, and I know of no one to take his place.'

He was much troubled, for he had more than he could well do, without overseeing the gathering and marketing of the harvest of the cranberry marsh. However, the work must be carefully looked after, for the proceeds of the marsh were no small part of his not too large annual income.

'What will you do about it, father?' asked Emily.

'My other business must take care of itself eight or ten weeks, while I stay in the marsh and oversee the berry harvest. The Indians thereabouts will do the picking, as usual, and I must do with as little other help as possible, for such work takes ready cash, of which I have very little at present.'



THE INDIANS LINED UP FOR THEIR WAGES.

Now, Emily knew that the berries picked by the Indians were always measured by the overseer, who daily gave each picker a card, on which was recorded the number of quarts he had picked during the day. Every evening the pickers took these cards to the payer's desk and received the amount of cash due them. Emily was good at keeping accounts, and she knew that while her father looked after the picking and measuring of the berries, she could very well do the paying and book-keeping, thus saving him a considerable sum.

But how dreary it would be, living for eight or ten long weeks in a cabin in a marsh, seeing only her father and the Indians, reckoning the cost of endless quarts of berries at so much per quart, and counting out endless pieces of silver to hard-looking red men in blankets and leggings, and worse-looking red women, with dirty papooses dangling, Indian fashion, on their backs.

Nevertheless, she felt bound to offer her father her services, and he accepted them gladly. He was sorry to have her miss school; but under the circumstances, he thought best to let her do it. So Emily packed up her shabbiest boots and dresses preparatory to starting to the marsh, and they set out on their journey the very next day, for the berry harvest was pressing. When within a dozen miles of the marsh they had to change cars, and on its margin they changed again, this time climbing into an ox waggon that carried them to their temporary home.

As they jogged along over the rough corduroy road Emily gained her first knowledge of how and where cranberries grow. All about her stretched the marsh, a low, level, wet expanse of peaty bog, without trees or shrubs, but thickly covered with low, trailing bushes only a foot or two high, with long, slender stems now bending under their burden of delicate light green leaves and red, acid berries. These were the cranberry bushes, so called because their long slim stems resemble the long legs and neck of a crane.

The ground between the bushes was soft and spongy, but very deceitful in appearance. The surface seemed covered with a dry, grassy substance, but many steps could not be taken without sinking to the ankles in the soft bog. The waggon road was made of logs and poles laid closely side by side across it, making as level surface as possible, but very rough at best.

Here and there in the marsh were islets of solid ground covered with tall pines and other trees and vegetation. On one of these islets was Mr. Brown's cabin, a picturesque log structure, standing between two pines that lifted their tall green tops protectingly above it. Except for the loneliness it

would not, Emily thought, be a bad place in which to spend the pleasant days of early autumn.

However, she was for the most part far too busy to be lonely. The housekeeping for herself and father, the book-keeping, and the paying off of the long row of Indians, who every evening lined up in front of her pay-table on the veranda, kept her fully occupied. The pay-table had a strong drawer, from which Emily counted her change, and between it and the row of waiting Indians was a panel of wire to keep pilfering fingers from meddling with the tempting silver pieces.

The first time the Indians lined up for their day's wages, Emily regarded them curiously. The younger men and women were dressed like white people, but the older ones wore blankets and had long, straight black hair dangling about their copper-colored faces. The younger ones seemed inclined to make merry at the idea of having a young white girl for their paymaster, but the stolid faces of the older ones showed only the weariness of their long day's work in the marsh. One feeble old woman was so weary that Emily had her sit in a comfortable veranda chair to rest awhile. Several of the women had their babies swung Indian fashion on their backs, and one baby cried so persistently that its mother took it in her arms to quiet it. Seeing that it was half starved, Emily got it some bread and milk, which it ate ravenously. Then all the women looked kindly at the dainty white girl who was so kind to the papoose. As the Indians came before her, evening after evening, Emily learned to know their names and faces, and often spoke to them about the number of quarts they had picked and the weariness and difficulties of the work. They liked being spoken to by the pretty white girl with the gentle voice and kindly ways, and soon began to wait for a word from her, standing patiently while she looked at their cards and estimated the amount of pay each was to receive.

One evening Mr. Brown, having completed his task before Emily finished hers, came to help her, that the Indians might not have to wait so long for their day's wages. But when he offered to take their cards, they drew back, saying, with a decided gesture towards Emily, 'No, no; wait for her.' And wait they did, and seemed well repaid for doing so, because Emily chatted to them while she counted up the number of quarts they had picked, and gave them their pay. During these little chats she learned much of their homes and manner of living. When some of the women expressed admiration for a gown she wore, she offered to cut a pattern of it, and teach them to make gowns like it if they would come to the cabin after their evening meal. Thus many an evening found her teaching a group of red women the art of dressmaking. Lessons in cleanliness, cooking, and house-keeping followed, and the results were very satisfactory, for the women were apt and eager pupils.

Only one unpleasant incident occurred during the entire two months, and that was occasioned by a cranberry rake. This rake is a small, shallow, partly-covered box, somewhat resembling a dust pan. From the front end a row of long teeth project outward; on the covered part of the top is a loop-handle for the left hand, and from the back end projects a straight handle for the right hand. The box is taken by both handles, and held under the cranberry bush; a quick jerk upward catches the long slender stems between the rake-like teeth and strips them of their berries, while the quick, backward jerk throws the berries thus plucked back under the covered part of the box. They are then emptied into some receptacle.

Gathering cranberries with these rakes is a much quicker and easier process than to pick them with the fingers, and many more can be gathered in a given time. But the rakes greatly injure the bushes, and, therefore, Mr. Brown strictly forbade their use in his marsh.

For several days Emily noticed that young Two Bears, a large overbearing Indian, of whom the others seemed to be afraid, had gathered more berries than the others. Every evening his card showed a surprising number of quarts, and Emily wondered how he could possibly pick so many. She learned the secret by accidentally overhearing the conversation of two pickers who did not notice her nearness. Two Bears was using a cranberry rake on the sly, and the other pickers were afraid to tell Mr. Brown, because Two Bears had promised dire punishment to any informer.

(To be continued.)

Katie's Lesson.

Katie had just come back with her mamma from church, where the minister had preached from the text: 'Faith, if it hath not works, is dead,' and she was very thoughtful. 'Mamma,' she said, 'I'm so little and I haven't anything. What can I do for Jesus?' Mamma said slowly: 'Whosoever shall give a cup of water to drink in my name——' Katie blushed. 'Oh, mamma!' she cried, 'I understand.' The day before, her aged uncle who could not walk, and who was querulous and unpleasing to the child, had not had his request for a drink answered with pleasing promptness. 'Mamma,' Katie confided that night when she said her prayers, 'I'll never mind running around waiting on people any more. I never thought that such little things could be service to Jesus.'—'Christian Herald.'

Meeting Father.

Margery stands at the garden gate,
Breathing the odor of brier-rose.
Smiling, expectant, 'tis hers to wait,
Freshly arrayed in her dainty clothes,
The pleasure of meeting father.

The breezes ripple her silky hair,
And crickets chirp to her from the wold,
While rosy beams from the sunset's glare
Paint her in tones of pink and gold,
As she stands looking for father.

Hark! There's the roar of the coming train;
Margery's face is a picture bright.
Melody never held sweeter strain
Than the shrill toot, toot she hears each night
With the coming home of father.

Daffodils skirting the garden wall
Nod to the pair as they take their way,
And wandering night birds softly call:
'The blithest happening of the day
Is the welcoming of father.'

—Jane Ellis Joy in 'Youth's Companion.'

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 8.

Haman's Plot Against the Jews.

Esther III., 1-11. Memory verses 5, 6. Read chapters I-III.

Golden Text.

'If God be for us, who can be against us?' —Rom. viii., 31.

Home Readings.

M. Esther 2: 15-23. Esther made queen.
T. Esther 3: 1-11. Haman's Plot against the Jews.
W. Esther 3: 12 to 4: 3. The decree of death.
Th. Esther 4: 4-17. Sorrow in the palace.
F. Esther 6: 1-11. Pride discomfited.
S. Esther 7. The enemy punished.
Su. Prov. 16: 5-19. Danger of pride.

Lesson Text.

Supt.—1. After these things did King A-has-u-e'rus promote Ha'man the son of Ham-med-a-tha the A'gag-ite, and advanced him, and set his seat above all the princes that were with him.

School.—2. And all the king's servants, that were in the king's gate, bowed, and reverenced Ha'man: for the king had so commanded concerning him. But Mor'de-cai bowed not, nor did him reverence.

3. Then the king's servants, which were in the king's gate, said unto Mor'de-cai, Why transgressest thou the king's commandment?

4. Now it came to pass, when they spake daily unto him, and he hearkened not unto them, that they told Ha'man, to see whether Mor'de-cai's matter would stand: for he had told them that he was a Jew.

5. And when Ha'man saw that Mor'de-cai bowed not, nor did him reverence, then was Ha'man full of wrath.

6. And he thought scorn to lay hands on Mor'de-cai alone; for they had shewed him the people of Mor'de-cai: wherefore Ha'man sought to destroy all the Jews that were throughout the whole kingdom of A-has-u-e'rus, even the people of Mor'de-cai.

7. In the first month, that is, the month Ni'san, in the twelfth year of king A-has-u-e'rus, they cast Pur, that is, the lot, before Ha'man from day to day, and from month to month, to the twelfth month, that is, the month A'dar.

8. And Ha'man said unto king A-has-u-e'rus, There is a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed among the people in all the provinces of thy kingdom; and their laws are diverse from all people; neither keep they the king's laws: therefore it is not for the king's profit to suffer them.

9. If it please the king, let it be written that they may be destroyed: and I will pay ten thousand talents of silver to the hands of those who have the charge of the business, to bring it into the king's treasuries.

10. And the king took his ring from his hand, and gave it unto Ha'man the son of Ham-med'a-tha the A'gag-ite, the Jews' enemy.

11. And the king said unto Ha'man, The silver is given to thee, the people also, to do with them as it seemeth good to thee.

The Bible Class.

God is our Refuge.—Deut. xxxi., 6, 8; xxxiii., 26, 27: Psl. xlvi., 1, 5, 7; lxvii., 5-8: xci., 1-7; cxxi., 2-8; cxxv., 1, 2; cxlvi., 5-10: Isa. xxvi., 4; xxxi., 1, 3, 5, 7; xl., 28-31; xli., 10, 13, 14; xliii., 1-3: li., 12 13, 15, 16: I John. iv., 4: Rom. viii., 35-39.

Suggestions.

The book of Esther may have been written by Mordecai and edited by Ezra (Smith's Bible Dictionary.) The book has been much criticised, but stands as history, because the feast of Purim (named from the events related in this book) has been an established feast of the Jews since the fourth century before Christ.

King Ahasuerus (the Jewish form of 'Xerxes'), gave a great feast to his nobles and princes, which lasted some days. In his drunken foolishness he sent for Vashti his favorite queen to appear in the banquet hall, this she properly refused to do, and was immediately deposed from her position. A jewish maiden, named Esther, was chosen to be queen instead of Vashti.

Esther (meaning a star) had also a Hebrew name, Hadassah (meaning a myrtle), she was an orphan, of the family of Kish, captive in the land of Persia. Her cousin Mordecai had brought her up as his own daughter. They lived in Shushan, or Susa, the winter palace of the Persian court. Once when a conspiracy was formed against the king by two of the chamberlains, Mordecai found it out and sent word to the king through Esther. The conspirators were hanged and the loyalty of the old Jew written in the king's chronicles.

Haman, an Agagite, the last of the Amalekites, came into great favor with the king, and was set over all the princes and was outwardly reverenced, bowed to, or worshipped by all—all except the old Jew, Mordecai.

Mordecai could not join in this ceremony even if he had respected Haman, for the 'reverencing' was actual worship of man, it was making a god out of a human being. Mordecai was loyal to Jehovah, who had so stringently forbidden his people to worship anything or any one but Himself, the God of heaven and earth. Mordecai was a true man who obeyed God though he might be killed for refusing to join in the customs of the land.

The king's servants, perhaps with latent revengefulness for the convictions of the two chamberlains, reported to Haman that Mordecai, one of the Jewish captives, refused constantly to worship him. On hearing this, Haman's rage knew no bounds. Instead of simply having Mordecai slain, he plotted instantly to destroy the whole nation which the victim of his rage represented. Human life is not counted as precious in the East as in the more civilized countries of the earth. It was a comparatively easy task for Haman to gain from Ahasuerus permission to exterminate the Jews in the Persian empire.

The king's secretaries were sent for to write to the rulers and governors of every province of the dominion of Ahasuerus giving orders that every man, woman and child of the Jewish captives was to be put to death without mercy on the thirteenth day of Adar, about eleven months from the time of writing.

What were the people of God to do then? To what refuge could they flee? How should they escape the destroyer? Now came a time of fasting and mourning before God. And God heard and delivered his people when they cried unto him in their sore distress.

Ten thousand talents of silver by one method of reckoning is equal to ten million dollars, and by another reckoning amounts to the immense sum of $20,000,000.

Haman cast 'Pur' or lots in the first month, Nisan or April. The lot fell on the thirteenth day of Adar, or about the end of March. From this casting of lots the feast of commemoration of the deliverance took it's name Purim.

Illustration.

5. Haman's License. Haman's permission to kill all the Jews has been well compared to the license to sell intoxicating liquors. (1) It is granted by a sovereign State. (2) It is a privilege given to a few, (3) to injure and destroy the people. (4) It is given for money. The license is paid for, (5) But all this, and much more, is to be taken from the spoils of the people injured. (6) It is a great injury to the State that grants it. (7) It brings ruin to the Hamans who use the license. (8) The Mordecais and Esthers are laboring against it at great cost and self-denial. (9) They will be successful in the end.—'Peloubet's Notes.'

C. E Topic.

Oct. 8. Work where Christ tells you to. John 21: 1-6.

Junior C. E.

Oct. 8. What are some lessons we may learn from God's dumb creatures? Prov. 6: 6-11.

A little girl whispered to her teacher, 'Maggie cannot come because she has no shoes.' The teacher found that shoes was not the greatest need in Maggie's home. A discouraged father was helped to find work, and there was sunshine again in that humble home; and what an influence for good that teacher exerted over that grateful family!

Tobacco Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—ITS USE BY WOMEN.

1. Q.—How was tobacco cultivated by the American Indian?

A.—He sat in or near his wigwam and smoked, while his wife hoed the tobacco.

2. Q.—What is the first account we have of snuff taking?

A.—Roman Pane, a Spanish monk, who accompanied Columbus on his second voyage, says:

'They make a powder of the leaves which they take through a cane, one end of this they place in the nose and the other upon the powder and so draw it up.'

3. Q.—How does snuff affect memory?

A.—It injures the memory because that part of the brain lying nearest to the nose and roof of the mouth, is most concerned with memory and the intellectual powers.

4. Q.—What Queen used snuff?

A.—Catherine de Medici, of France, wife of Henry II.

5. Q.—What did Frederic the Great do at the coronation of his mother?

A.—Seeing her take a pinch of snuff, he sent to remind her of what was due to her high position.

6. Q.—Do women now use tobacco?

A.—Thousands of pounds of it are consumed every year by women.

6. Q.—Is dipping snuff confined to the poorer classes?

A.—No, and we are told that circles of young ladies of so-called high standing meet expressly to practice the filthy habit.

7. Q.—What term is applied to this class of tobacco users?

A.—'Dippers.' With a horn or spoon the stuff is placed inside the lower lip and when sufficiently moistened, passed around the mouth.

They also chew a fine stick making a swab of it, dip that in the snuff and rub the teeth and gums.

8. Q.—Have feminine smokers increased?

A.—A tobacco dealer says that nearly half his trade in cigarettes is directly or indirectly among women and girls. They use these secretly.

9. Q.—What was one of the customs of our English grandmothers?

A.—They smoked the pipe in the theatre instead of eating candy or nuts.

10. Q.—Do women chew tobacco?

A.—This habit is said to be quite common among women in some sections of the country.

11. Q.—What relation does tobacco bear toward woman?

A.—It is a relentless foe. It will draw men from her society and make him glory in his solitude; it will introduce him to loose companions and doubtful amusements.

12. Q.—What questions have been asked in regard to the use of tobacco by women?

A.—'If smokers and chewers were to find their wives and daughters following their examples would they encourage the practice? if tobacco supplies a natural want why should not our wives and daughters smoke, and chew, and spit?'

Four Pounds of Steak, Cut Pretty Thick.

(By Cousin Gertrude, in 'Kind Words.')

William Dalton was a good workman, and earned good wages; he could have supplied his family with all the comforts of life, and given his children a good education, had he not been burdened and cursed with an appetite for strong drink. He spent most of his nights in bar-rooms, where, of course, his money went for beer and whiskey, over which he and his companions thought they were having a good time. As he did not have the money in his pocket to pay for what he drank, the drinks were charged.

On Saturday night, as soon as he received his wages, he went to pay his 'debts of honor' at the saloon. We wonder why he did not, sometimes, consider his grocery store and meat market bills 'debts of honor.' There was little left for groceries, to say nothing of good warm clothes and shoes for

the children, after his drinking bill was settled.

The good mother at home took in sewing or any kind of work she could find, that her strength would permit, and managed to keep them from starving, but the children were never clothed so as to be presentable at either day or Sunday-school.

One Saturday night, about 11 o'clock, found William, or Bill, as he was called, at the meat market. He sauntered in slowly, with dinner basket in his hand, and a very little money in his pocket. A few moments after a well-dressed gentleman walked in with a brisk step, threw some money on the counter, and said to the butcher in a quick, business-like voice: 'Send up four pounds of steak to my house by 9 o'clock in the morning, will you? And cut it pretty thick.' Then he walked out without noticing poor Bill. Bill saw him though: it was the proprietor of the saloon where he spent most of his money. Bill sat for some time thinking, until aroused by the butcher, with: 'Well, Bill, what do you want, ten cents worth of liver? Do you want it charged, as usual?'

Bill got up, shook himself, and started toward the door. 'No, I do not want anything to-night.'

'Oh, come, man, take something home for the kids. You are welcome to it.'

'No, not to-night,' and Bill went out closing the door with a bang.

'Four pounds of steak, and cut it pretty thick,' rang in his ears, and was all he could think of. How many weeks, even months, since he had had even a sufficiency of any kind of meat at his house, while the other man could order his 'four pounds of steak cut pretty thick.' The man had passed in front of him, and had not noticed him either!

He stopped at a grocery store and took home a few little bundles. The children, of course, were in bed, but the patient wife sat, hard at work, trying to patch up some of their clothes. She looked up timidly as Bill came in, and was surprised to see him looking so serious and sober. Wise woman that she was, she said nothing about it, but set the remains of their scanty supper before him; he ate little of it, and prepared to retire. He was so quiet she mustered up courage to ask him if he was sick. He replied with a kindly 'No.'

He went to work as usual next week, and came home promptly at night; mother and children were surprised, but too glad to have him at home to ask for any explanation. He worked all week to the tune of 'four pounds of steak and cut it pretty thick,' and the ring of the money on the counter; he even smiled over his work; his companions joked him and wanted him to come with them at night, as usual, but he only said. 'No!'

He was very excited all day Saturday, and could hardly wait for 6 o'clock; it came finally; he received his wages and started—for the saloon, do you think? No, indeed! He went straight to that beef market, walked in, threw down a dollar, and exclaimed: 'Give me four pounds of steak, and cut it pretty thick!'

The butcher stared at him, and Bill was obliged to repeat his order. The butcher was a-wise man, and said: 'Hurrah for you, Bill!' Bill did not seem to notice what was said, for he was in a hurry to get home.

Wife and children were surprised again; father coming home with their supper and throwing money into mother's lap was something new. He explained matters this time by telling what had happened the Saturday night before at the meat market.

'Now, Mary,' said he, 'I have turned over a new leaf, and it will stay turned over. I see how I have wasted my money, and you all have suffered for it. Let us have some supper, and then we will take what money is left, go out and get some clothes for the children, and start them to Sunday-school in the morning, as you and I were brought up to do.'

Not one of the family ever forgot the 'four pounds of steak, and cut it pretty thick' that had so completely changed life for all.

Afraid of the Smell of Whisky

Mr. Hanson says: 'On one occasion I was walking along the road with a most zealous temperance worker, when suddenly, while nearing a public-house, he seized me by the arm, and said, "Let us cross over." Without any remark we crossed; but then I said, "What made you cross the street so suddenly? We were on the better side, and we shall have to cross again to get to where we are going." He replied, "You know that before my conversion I was a very heavy drinker, and, indeed, I regard myself as a miracle of grace; for nothing short of the grace of God could have rescued me from the slough of drunkenness into which I had fallen. But though I am now saved, the devil does not leave me altogether, and sudden desires to again taste intoxicants attack me, and the smell of them lends additional force to the temptations. When we were on the other side of the street I saw a man pumping whiskey from a large cask just outside the public-house door, so I crossed the street to avoid the smell; and as we crossed I lifted my heart in prayer to God to keep me safe." That man acted wisely. God will keep those who trust in Him, but we must not wilfully go in the way of temptation."—'Christian Herald.'

Abstainer's Savings.

John Bright was once addressing a number of Sunday-school teachers, when he gave them some excellent advice on some of the matters they should bring before their scholars. Parents and teachers should consider these words carefully:—

'You might tell them as far as regards their health, nothing is more proved than that the persons who do abstain have better health by far than those who do not. More than this, it could be easily shown that if they saved the sixpence or shilling which they might spend in the course of a week on those unnecessary articles, in the course of a very short time they might amass a considerable sum that might be the beginning of some useful and prosperous course of life.'

These are the cool, deliberate words of a man who always weighed well what he said; he was no firey teetotal lecturer, but a plain speaker of truth, and his modest words carry conviction with them. We know that intoxicating drinks are unnecessary, and though in many instances indulgence in these drinks does not lead to crime, yet the habit does lead to waste of money, and it, especially, affects those who can least afford to be losers in this way.

The man who has a little fund in the bank is in a measure independent of the world, and his heart is cheered by the hope that when sickness or old age comes upon him he will not have to beg for help, but, like Longfellow's blacksmith,

'Look the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.'

A. J. GLASSPOOL.

Correspondence

Wallace Bay, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have forty-two head of cattle; twelve cows, four pairs of steers fattening for sale in the spring, and young cattle. We are breaking in a pair of yearling steers this winter. I like to 'team' them. We have a small sled that we put them on.

Papa and my brother Athol hauled the hay off the marsh the first of the winter, next they put in the ice, then hauled the wood, and now we three boys are all going to school. When it is too cold or stormy to go to school we study at home. Of all my studies, I think I like arithmetic and Health Reader the best. Our Health Readers teach much the same as the Scientific Temperanc Lessons that were in the 'Messenger' and The Catechism on Beer. I wish that man who gave us such a good instructive letter on the deadly cigarette would give up his pipe and tobacco before he teaches his boys to use it.

I. B. P. (aged 13.)

Chatsworth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my sixth birthday, and my mamma promised to write me a letter to you to-day. The letters are to me the best part of the 'Messenger,' then the stories for the 'Little Folks.' We give away most of the papers to those who do not get it, but the last half year we kept them, and mamma bound them together, and they made a fine book for us. We like to hear the stories over and over again

Mamma cuts the children's hymns out of the 'Weekly Witness' and pastes them in my scrap book, and I have learnt every one. We like to sing 'Marching On.'

I have only one brother, John, who will soon be four years old. We are far from school, so I am not going till John is able to go with me. We both go to Sabbath-school in the summer, but we get a ride there with our pony, Jackie. In the winter we get a lesson at home every Sabbath afternoon, and learn the Golden Texts. We like the lessons this quarter, for they are all about Jesus the Good Shepherd.

We live on a farm, and have lots of pets, lambs and calves, a puppy we call Rollo, and a big old cat, Tom, who will get in our little waggon for a ride and enjoys it too. One of my presents to-day was a pretty china tea set from my Sabbath-school teacher, another was a birthday book for my little and big friends to write their names in. I hope all the little letter friends will have as happy a birthday as I had to-day.

ANNIE P.

Dear Editor,—I think Clara is getting quite a shower of compliments for her description of crossing the prairie. I was interested in her letter also. Every Sunday our teacher tells us a little story to illustrate the lesson. I will tell you a story she told us one Sunday.

There was a poor beggar sitting by the wayside. One day a fairy was passing by. She went up to the beggar and offered him a number of precious jewels and riches, which she held in her hand. The beggar refused to take them, so the fairy passed on. As soon as she was gone the beggar called for her to come back and he would take the jewels. The fairy replied: My name is Opportunity. You have had your opportunity, and now it is gone forever.' So the fairy passed on her way. Now can you tell what this story is meant to illustrate? Well, I will tell you. We are all like poor beggars, and Christ offers free salvation to all who will receive it. If we refuse, we are more foolish than the beggar on the wayside. If we receive it, we shall have eternal peace, happiness and salvation. Why not accept him before it is too late?

Ever since I can remember I have saved cards and papers. When I get a whole lot mamma gives them to the hospital or poor people.

A LITTLE HELPER (aged 12.)

Gilbert Plains, Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—We live at the west end of the Gilbert Plains, between the Riding and Duck Mountains. We came here last May from Portage la Prairie. This is a new country. We are about thirty-six miles from a railway and a little over a mile from school. We have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly six years, and we like it very much. After we read it we lend it to some of our neighbors. Perhaps we may get some of them to subscribe for it. I saw the wood and mind our two cows and the hens.

GEORGE (aged 11.)

Strathlorne, N.S.

Dear Editor,—In my former letter I spoke of the valley of Strathlorne, in which I live, but I did not give a very definite idea of where it is situated. Well, it is in the County of Inverness on the west coast of Cape Breton Island, an island famed for its beauty of scenery and its unlimited natural resources; famed for its great mineral wealth; famed for its healthy, sturdy Scotch inhabitants. They came early in the century, finding it an unbroken forest, with no settlement nearer than fifty miles. They erected rude houses and cleared patches of land. Then by sheer dint of hard labor, they soon became prosperous, and in a short time they were able to erect better houses. My great-grandfather came to this country about 80 years ago. He cultivated the soil bit by bit, and at his death he left about 500 acres of good land to his family. Thus did our forefathers toil, and thus they succeeded in founding respectable homes for their heirs and descendants, and to-day Cape Breton is a flourishing little island, and mining experts say that Inverness particularly is rich in minerals, gold having been found at Chetticamp, Whycocomagh, and several other places. It has also fine farming districts and great pasture lands. Cape Mabon, a short distance from here, is noted for its fine pasture land. In the summer the scene from this cape is delightful. On a fine day, in addition to the beautiful settlements of Strathlorne, Lake Ainslie, and the Mabons, one can see the cosy Island of Prince Edward away across the Strait of Northumberland, a distance of 30 miles.

MORRIS McL. (aged 12.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Savory Dishes.

(Emma Dixon in 'Cottager and Artisan.')

HARICOT BEANS AND ONIONS.

The careful wife and mother should bear in mind that beans, peas, lentils, and pearl or Scotch barley, properly cooked, are as nourishing as beef or mutton, and much more easily digested. It is always better to put the beans to soak in cold water over night, or some hours before they are to be cooked, but if this is impossible, then allow half an hour longer for the cooking. From two to three hours should be allowed for either, peas, beans, or lentils.

Wash a large cupful of beans—either large or small haricots—and put them into a saucepan with a quart of water, a piece of fat pork or bacon, or a bone and scraps of fat that may have been left over from dinner, but to make the beans savoury, and appetising, fat of some kind must be boiled with them. An ounce or two of dripping will do if there is nothing else at hand.

Have ready, peeled and sliced, two or three onions, and add these about an hour before the supper is to be served, with salt and pepper to taste. Keep the contents of the saucepan boiling briskly, so that the quart of water is reduced to a pint by the time it is done. Stir it occasionally, and be careful that it does not burn, but do not break the beans more than can be helped. A round of toast served with it instead of bread is an improvement.

For a change, lentils might be used, or Scotch barley, or split peas, but the secret of making all these dry grain foods appetising, as well as more nourishing, is the addition of fat in some form or other. Vegetarians would prefer butter. That is more expensive, but it would serve the purpose so long as a sufficient quantity was used. But no one would care for a meal of haricot beans unless they were cooked with plenty of fat of some kind.

A change of flavor might be made by the addition of turnips, carrots, or parsnips instead of onions, according to the individual taste, or all the vegetables might be used, and a few pot-herbs for flavoring occasionally added. A nice addition may also be made by well scouring a few potatoes and baking them in their skins. This is an economical way of using up small potatoes, but to bake them nicely rather a brisk oven is required, and this is not always convenient or economical.

POTATO PATTIES.

For this dish, cold potatoes left over from dinner may be used, as it is necessary to boil them before making the patties. Have ready a small shallow tin dish, or patty-pans such as are used for mince pies. Mealy potatoes should be chosen, and they should be rubbed fine.

Then add pepper and salt, and butter or dripping, kneaded in as for pastry, moistening it with a little milk or water; half fill the dish or patty-pan, pressing down the potato in a thick layer. Now cut some pieces of cheese very small, or some dry cheese may be grated and used. Put a moderate layer of this. In determining the quantity, the cook must be guided by the strength of the cheese, and the individual taste, only it should be in wafer-like slices and well covered all over.

Now add another layer of potatoes and some more pieces of cheese, and a tiny piece of butter here and there. Bake for about twenty minutes in a steady oven, or until they begin to brown. Toast served with these, either dry or buttered, is a nice addition.

POTATO CAKE.

For these, cold boiled mealy potatoes are required. Three or four good-sized ones should be crumbled and mixed with an equal quantity of flour, and a small teaspoonful of baking powder. Then work in about two ounces of butter or dripping, and make a stiff paste with water, roll it out until it is about half an inch thick, and afterwards cut it into triangles two or three inches in length, or dip the edge of a cup into some flour, and press this through so as to cut them into rounds.

Put the cakes on to a greased paper or tin, and bake them in a brisk oven for half or three-quarters of an hour; or they can be cooked in a frying-pan, care being taken that they are not allowed to burn, or too much dripping used in the frying so as to make them greasy.

When they are done, put them on a hot dish, cut them open, and spread between any sort of jam that may be liked; or thin layers of cheese, and a little piece of butter may be used. If the latter is preferred, they must be replaced in the oven as quickly as possible, and allowed to remain there for at least ten minutes. These homely cheese cakes are generally a favorite dish.

MACARONI AND CHEESE.

For this dish the straight macaroni, which is cheaper, answers just as well as the more expensive twisted variety. Break it into pieces of a few inches in length, and put into a pie-dish; two or three layers at the most is all that should be put into a rather deep pie-dish. Sprinkle a little salt over it, and well cover it with milk or water—milk if possible. Let it stand in a slow oven, or until the macaroni is nicely softened and swollen.

While it is in the oven, cut into thin flakes a good-sized piece of cheese, take the dish from the oven, and gently move, without breaking, the pieces of macaroni, so that the pieces of cheese may fall between, as well as on the top, as you scatter it in the dish.

If all the milk has been absorbed, pour a little more over the mixture, add a little pepper and a few little pieces of butter, and bake for about three-quarters of an hour. If the oven is at all fierce, cover the dish with a plate for the first half-hour, lest the top should become dry and chippy.

Household Hints.

To prevent mildew in bookcases stand a saucer of chloride of lime inside. It can be out of sight.

Fried fish, croquettes, etc., by no means deteriorate by being rewarmed; they rather gain in crispness.

Kidneys, when to be stewed, must be cooked very slowly; if allowed to boil they become as tough as leather.

When grilling be careful to always heat the grid first, and rub it over with a piece of suet or some dripping.

Articles scorched in the ironing should be laid in hot sunshine. This will remove a scorch that is not very bad.

The water fish has been boiled in is excellent for fish sauces, instead of milk or water. It may also form the foundation of delicate fish soups.

When lamps are clogged with oil the burners should be boiled in a strong solution of soda and water, and allowed to get thoroughly dry before being used again.

All green vegetables should be kept in a cool, dark place, but not in great quantities. Roots of all kinds should be kept in dark, dry places, because light, warmth, and moisture produce either germination or decay.

Do not set earthen dishes in a hot oven or upon the stove. It cracks the glazing and renders them unfit for use. The smell of such dishes is very disagreeable, and cases of poisoning have been traced to their use.

To clean white feathers take a nice, firm pad of white wadding, well filled with thoroughly dried plaster of paris, and rub the feathers briskly, working from the quills so as not to disarrange them. Continue the rubbing till clean.

To preserve fish for a day or two boil together three quarts of water and a pint of vinegar; when quite boiling put in the fish and just scald it, but not for more than two minutes. Then hang the fish in a cool place, and it will dress as well as if quite fresh.

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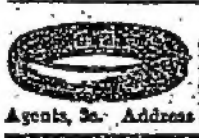

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